

ing, these hard times, to dig up a barrel full of Mexican dollars and Spanish gold pieces, and the laborers now at work on the old Fort should keep a bright eye out.—*Helena Shield.*

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**THE CALIFORNIAN AT VIENNA**

I am in bonds and fetters through not understanding the German tongue. It is a weary torture to be a stupid, unconscious

guistic swamp. It is necessary to employ one man to talk to another. (3)

[illegible]

would depart and take counsel with me. I had been doing something for which I ought to be corrected. The latter functionary, however, was not to be deterred by my voice, "Ya, you wants." I reply with meekness, "Dinner, sir, if you please, Sir." He then takes a card from his pocket containing the bill of fare. But it is in German; I look at it, knowingly; the waiter, however, is not to be deterred by my finger on a word which I suppose means "soup." I look up, meekly, and he contemptuously upon me. He reminds me of an underling, and bustling waiter, who had been in the kitchen in the dining-hall, French, German, Italian, English, and Japanese. I am not to be deterred by his insolent leer; I say, "I would like to see the waiter over the stone pavement outside." He looks at me, and then at the waiter. "Yes," I repeat his reply to the waiter. Is it too long and important a matter to be decided by a waiter? I mention meekly *Lyppine's Magazine*.

very spirit of their contracts, the most trustworthy in all money transactions.

And it is not so? Among the pangs  
 that fill our streets and our asylums, our  
 hospitals and our jails, do you find a  
 people that is not a people? Do they  
 they take care of their own sick? Live  
 the best modern engines, they consume  
 the most modern machinery. But,  
 aside from these material facts, there  
 is a poetry and a grandness about  
 the Jewish character which has  
 always been the admiration of every  
 nation without a country, a people  
 without a home; flowing through and  
 permeating every life, not yet com-  
 mingling with a single one of the  
 all their individualities, their religion;  
 their language, their customs, intact;  
 by day and the pillar of fire at night;  
 they went tri-umphant through the cloven  
 earth, and the stars which now glow  
 beneath the same stars which now glow  
 the heavens. Show me a people like  
 them, a people, a people around  
 whom the stars have gathered.

clusters; a people rich in tradition beyond all precedent, who have not pro-

[illegible]

his settlement over one of the city churches. He was a faithful preacher.

The English girls, high or low, estimated you of the hay-field and the road. There is in them and about them a certain sense of the value of the mud-mould above the rose. The French girls are etherealized. They call up visions of the rainbow, the rainbow, the rainbow, and banks of violets, and are a little of the rose above the mould. And the English girls, until the very questionable glimpse of the rainbow, are as much of the mud-mould for the rose and come away a drab and a little of the mud-mould. They are only to clap on a sign-post and a bit of a veil, and appear dressed in the light of a vision.